Air Force Daily

McGill Daily

Air Force Daily

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RADIO LOCATORS DOUBLE BOND QUOTA

Why Not A U.S.O. In Canada

Last week-end several members of the Junior Flight of the McGill Contingent had the opportunity of visiting New York City on a 48-hour pass. There they became guests of the New York Defence Recreation Committee which is part of the United Services Organization.

The United Service Organization was formed by six leading welfare organizations—Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., Jewish Welfare Board, Salvation Army, National Travellers Aid Association, and the National Catholic Community Service. With ten million dollars in the bag to start with, they started out to show how things should be organized to look after the boys. And they put their project over with a bang.

Coming into Grand Central Station in New York, the first thing that greets the man in uniform in the station main hall is a huge sign "SERVICEMEN'S LOBBY: OPEN TO ALL SERVICEMEN." Climbing a flight of stairs he enters a large room fitted up as a lounge and canteen. Here he can rest in a lounge chair, play games, read a book from a modern library (no discards accepted) and if hungry have free a cup of coffee, sandwiches and cakes from the canteen. And at the information booth he can arrange his stay in New York.

He will usually find himself directed to the main centre of the Defense Committee, two blocks south on Park Avenue. Outside, the building of the Committee has all the appearance of a free soup kitchen or unemployed men's flophouse. But inside the door, he finds an organization prepared to look after every need from food to amusements.

The Committee found that it had to limit meal invitations to one per person per month as the demand far outweighed the supply. But it more than made up for it by the other services that it provides.

All the chief hotels, theatres and show places of New York were corralled into giving special privileges for the boys through the Defence Recreation Committee. The Committee not only set up the facilities for providing entertainment for any serviceman visiting New York who wants to go places and do things, but made sure that chiselers kept out of the picture.

Looking at the program put out by the Committee, one finds that everything is there. If you want sports, free tickets are provided for all the major baseball and rugby games, and the events in Madison Square Garden, while facilities are provided for tennis, swimming, golf, and fishing trips. (I never found out where the latter were, they were certainly not in New York Harbour). Theatres reserved their front-row seats for the boys as their guests, the NBC and CBS chains sent free tickets to their broadcasts, while those who desired to listen to symphony concerts or see the ballet or opera could have their wishes gratified. All the museums and cultural centres were free to the men in khaki and blue. They would even take you around on a conducted tour.

Many organizations and clubs had dances and parties for those who wanted to meet New York girls and get acquainted. Most famous of these is of course the Stage Door Canteen. In that place can be found the Big City's most famous actors and actresses acting as waiters and entertainers for the boys. And you don't get in unless you are in uniform and have a pass. A little thing like not knowing how to dance was no hindrance. The U.S.O. had looked after that by arranging with the best dancing studios (Yes—Arthur Murray's) to give free lessons.

The most striking thing was the manner in which organizations and people would go out of their way to do something for the men in the armed forces. Nearly every store and business firm in New York displayed flags showing the number of men who had left from their establishments for active service. And they went further than merely displaying patriotic symbols. The serviceman got a discount on his purchases. Theatres had special rates for men in uniform—usually twenty-five cents. One restaurant in a hotel gave two meals to servicemen for the price of one.

The McGill men who visited New York were very much impressed by all this, and while appreciating the work that has been done by many organizations and persons in New York, they all had the feeling that up here in Canada there is still a little too much of the atmosphere of "business as usual." We don't want charity, but like to feel that people realize that after all, a $1.30 a day is not $5 or $10 a day and it doesn't go very far. We want our fun, too, to be able to take our girls or wives to a show or entertainment and not have to figure out whether we will go bust in the process. The $1.30 a day may be extra over our food, board and clothing, but some people will be surprised how fast it can go; and not on luxuries either.

We are being lauded every day for our sacrifice, and we would like to feel that it is not all preaching. We have enough worries on our hands, so how about lessening the worry of always going broke just after pay-day.

AC2 B. A. Ower,
R180654.

THE CONCERT TONIGHT

A slight difficulty has arisen with respect to the concert at the Forum tonight, conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

It has been announced that the North section of the Forum, which was originally reserved for the students section, will be closed off because of stage difficulties. Students, however, will be accommodated in the available seats in the orchestra, boxes and balcony.

Airforce Invades Union; Takes Over Daily Office

Into the copy room come the men of the R.C.A.F. Their tan faces eager with expectation, for tonight they are taking upon themselves the task of putting out tomorrow morning's edition of the "McGill Daily." One by one the 'galloping alphabets' commence their spasmodic clatter. One by one, the sheets littered with carboned letters fly downwards to cluttered desks. Among all this seeming disarray, the editor, (pro tempore) rages 'round like a masterful dictator. (That's a lie.) "Cut this!" he bellows; "That's lousy!" he roars. His voice a mere whisper above the bedlam of news-in-the-make. There's one thing that's missing though—at least it's stock in trade as Hollywood's props: there are no telephones to ring and answer three at a time. You see, we Air Force knew about the 'dead-line' some time ago . . . . and by now we have our news and feature articles just about ready.

It's rather tough this being newspaper-men-for-a-night; you get what we mean, we're really not used to this sort of thing, nor are we used to reading scrawls other than our own, and when it comes to composing a "GEE-En-YOU-Wine Noospaper" . . . . well, you'll just have to bear with us.

Things are quieting down now, some of our 'staff' have left us for dates, some are just "all in." Our work is done. The printers are doing theirs. We'll 'tuck it away' and wait for the morning. The Air Force has done another fine job. We hope.

Soccer

The following men are requested to turn out for soccer game against Montreal High School on Saturday at the Upper Field at 2.15: Goal, Rawlins, L.Fb. Storey, RFb. Lindo, LHb. Procope, CHb. Wolvin, OL. Sampath, IL. Chin Loy, CF. Glegg, IR. Ammon, OR. Stachiewitz. Alternates: Wood, Kinch, Goodfellow, Stachiewitz. J.

The Air Force Looks at McGill

The subject one writes on is generally inversely proportional to one's experience of it. The general rule applies with particular force in the present instance.

We are supposed to take you throught the mental meanderings of our preoccupied minds on the baleful subject of Air Force Life in a University Station.

Certain things go well together—in fact so well that they are known only by their association with one another, such things as Pen and Ink, Amos and Andy, or Life and Love.—There are others also, not quite so well associated such as whiskey and soda, or gin and ginger ale. In this case the soda and the ginger ale are known only for their association with the whiskey and the gin, whereas the whiskey and the gin are certainly very well known entirely in their own right.

But when you associate the Air Force and The University, you deal with two phenomona of the civilized world, both of which are well known in their own right and which further are the very antithesis of each other in many respects.

Which brings us to the subject of the difference between Air Force life and University life—and this is the place where any angel would discreetly take his exit.—But being an Air Force man and hence no angel,—onward.

In the Air Force there is discipline. Way back in those dear, old days we remember cavorting about a University Campus with abandon. We attended or did not attend as we saw fit. We dressed only within the laws of standard decency, as we saw fit. Oh for those glorious days of old when 10:30 was the beginning of an evening, when life was free and easy—examinations bothered us only twice a year—Those dear old days are gone for us. Now once more situated on a University Campus we find it necessary to conduct our almost entire existence with the mechanical precision of the Disciplinarian's watch. We must get up, get out, come in, eat, wash, dress, attend classes, dances and romances, all at the appointed time. We must dress in a prescribed manner down to the last undone or done up button. There are several other things we must not do. But nevertheless, in its own rather peculiar way, life still is good — if not free it nevertheless has a charm all its own. (We trust this last sentence, which we absolutely mean, will placate the C.O. for that which preceded it).

There is a profound distinction between the thinking processes of the average student and that of the Airman stationed at a University.

We remember once again those old Campus days. The mind stimulated by strange and wonderful ideas. Radical concepts came and went and individualistic thinking was an adventure that lead to the formation of a mature personality.

Now back once again on the Campus we still formulate stimulating ideas—but they are not so radical or exerting as before. Is it that we are already maturly developed Or has the Air Force put its stamp on our minds as well as our physiques? Maybe we're just tired from getting up at 6:30 in the morning.

The differences go on and on, but if we're not to get into unfortunate difficulties it might do just as well to drop the comparisons with the only point in common to both.

In the Air Force one is broke—No more need be said.

Associating these two strange forms of human existence—for they are both extremes from the noun—one would expect strange reactions. But strange to relate, little has occurred to justify our interested speculations.

Generally we go to classes, attracting little attention (despite our obvious efforts to do so). The occasional student and even less oc-

(Continued on Page Four)

Our CO's Message

As I look backward to the time that has passed by so rapidly since Course 7 reported to this Detachment I will always remember the spirit of friendly cooperation that has made my association with you a particularly pleasant one. The keen way you have carried on with your studies and your loyal support at all times, has been greatly appreciated.

As the time draws near when we must part company my sincere message to each and every one of you is—"Best of Luck."

As Course 8 now become Seniors, thanks to the McGill spirit that every member of the instructional staff so generously shares with you, I am looking forward to you keeping up the same high standard of work which shall be a credit to the University and a pride to the Royal Canadian Air Force.

G. S. B. FULLER, FLT.-LT.,
O.C. No. 9 Detachment, R.C.A.F.,
McGill University.

DR. KEY'S MESSAGE

It is a real pleasure to have this opportunity of expressing to all Airmen in the McGill Detachment of the R.C.A.F. our appreciation of the manner in which you have entered in the College Life of "Old McGill". You have mingled with our undergraduates in the college halls, you have danced with our "Donaldas" and you are bringing out this edition of the "Daily"—facts which show how fully you have responded to the welcome extended to you. Your presence has added colour to the Campus and interest to our citizens who have watched you marching in the morning, armed not with guns but with books—a real indication of the necessity of trained minds in modern warfare.

Those of us who are more closely associated with your work appreciate your cooperation and industry both in the class-rooms and in the laboratories. On behalf of all the Instructors and myself, I extend to you the best of wishes for your continued success in your work and hope that some day we may meet again in the halls of the Macdonald Physics Laboratory when you return from your service overseas.

DAVID A. KEYS.

To Members of the Junior Group

It has been a great pleasure to have known and worked with you during the past few weeks. So energetic, so ambitious with an eye on the goal towards which you have directed your footsteps. No hesitating, no wavering, but straightforward to qualify yourself for whatever task may be yours. Courtesy and appreciation you possess in no small measure. My one regret is that I have not had the opportunity of knowing you more intimately.

You have responded of your own accord to your country's needs, that inner spirit which prompted the patriots of other generations has likewise guided you. I know full well, that you will give a good account of yourselves and that you will serve with honour and with efficiency. My best wishes go with you for continued success. We hope and pray that kind, watchful Providence may bring you back in safety to serve your native land as faithfully in peace as in war.

PROF. REILLEY.

DR. WATSON'S MESSAGE

I look forward to instructing the new group of R.C.A.F. students—partly, I suppose, because I'll be able to wake a few of them up in lectures occasionally, but chiefly because of the new men whose acquaintance I will be making. It is regretted, that, for the moment, this seems to be the last group which it will be my pleasure to meet. But then, all good things, unfortunately, come to an end. If only some bads things come to an end sooner, there would be some compensation!

DR. H. G. T. WATSON

No. 2 Squadron Reminisces as The Triodes Go Rolling Along

"Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is fond of giving,
Thursday's child must work for a living;
Friday's child is full of woe . . ."

The Junior Squadron came into being on Friday, September 18th, and like all of Friday's children, our days have been sad in the land where Ottawa has been pleased to send us. Friday has always been a day when the gods frowned, and this Friday was no exception.

Conceived in recruiting offices all over Canada, from British Columbia to Halifax, gestated at Manning Pools in Toronto and Lachine, the Junior Squadron came into the world a lusty infant, squalling, noisy, bolsterous, but anxious to get to grips with whatever was ahead. We have grown old in seven weeks.

In that short space of time we have skipped from one end of science to the other, from Dynes to Pentodes, from Coulombs to Reactances. We have travelled on D.C., and on A.C., (with stopovers for charging and discharging the condensers), and like Ulysses, "much have we seen and known." Guided by Dr. Reilley, we have wandered in and out of the maze of electrical circuits, over the resistances, and through the inductances, hand in hand with pi, and omega, and delta, and phi. Some of us tarried by the wayside, and were lost; but the rest of our gallant band, heads bloody but unbowed, face the future undaunted. Anything else that happens to us will be an anti-climax.

To anyone who has seen "A Yank in the R.A.F.," or "Captains of the Clouds," life in the Air Force is a pleasant experience consisting of beautiful women, drunken sprees, fierce excitement, and glorious homecoming. The trouble with Hollywood is that it has never bothered to make a picture about AC2's. Let me show you the scenario for that masterpiece.

Lachine—mud—rain,—call the roll—attention, stand at hip; one—pause—two—pause—hip — pause — shuffle—call the roll. They take your finger-prints, button a tunic around you and push you in front of a camera, spell your name

(Continued on Page Four)

McGill Contingent Exceeds Past Records In Victory Loan Drive

Chalking up a new record, the campaign for Victory Bond subscriptions resulted in an oversubscription of some 200% when the original quota of $2,500 was left far, far behind. Last reports were that over $7,000 worth had been purchased by the boys in blue, and that it was expected that the total would be at least $7,500 at the end of the campaign.

While this figure may seem small compared to the total amount raised in the complete loan, the achievement deserves special attention. All of the trainees are AC2's earning $1.30 a day and what with Christmas and furloughs coming up, the request for subscriptions to the Victory Loan came at an awkward time for most of them. To forego six day's pay per month for the next six months is no joke for the majority of them.

The boys of the McGill-Detachment are hoping that the government will buy a radio-locator with their contribution for the special purpose of radio-locating Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito. They guarantee to do the radio-locating in such a manner that the heads of the Axis powers will regret ever starting their dirty work when the Allied bombers fly overhead.

Staff n' Stuff

Life in the Air Force is definitely all right, but everyone knows that there are always variations on the theme, no matter what it be. So, as far as an individual station is concerned, it's the officers, the n.c.o.'s and the men that you work with who make life grand or just bearable. The McGill Detachment is extremely fortunate in having two such men as Flight Lieutenant G. S. B. Fuller, and Flying Officer Robert Davidson as C.O. and Adjutant. So that you may know them better, here is some "inside information."

The C.O. was born in Ontario, but, as he added, "too early to appreciate it," and moved to the Province of Quebec. Instead of completing his higher education, he enlisted in 1915. He left the Canadians to join the Royal Flying Corps in 1917, with which group he flew for several months as an observer in Belgium and France; following this he was posted to the R.A.F. After his return to Canada in 1919 he spent 21 years behind a desk with a wholesale fruit company—then joined the R.C.A.F. He arrived at McGill University in June, 1941, and "deeply regrets that it was 25 years too late." The C.O. maintains that if the war lasts long enough, he hopes to grow a white beard "so that I may at least look like a venerable scholar."

F/L Fuller added particularly, "I am however very grateful to have been associated in a humble way with Dr. Keys and very proud of the results obtained by our lads trained under him and his most capable staff."

Our Adjutant, F/O Davidson, was, in his own words, "born in the land of the haggis, reared on the salt of the North Sea, and educated in the biological and medical sciences at the University of Toronto (McGill may have heard of it)."

He studied law in Toronto, and, as he was too young to get into the last war, signed on to R.C.N.V.R. in Sept. 1939. He came to R.C.A.F. in May 1942, was posted to St. Hubert, and thence to McGill Detachment. Now he is trying hard to introduce some Varsity atmosphere to the local halls of learning and to appreciate the prestige and beauty of this great university. Quote: "I note with interest that some of McGill's greatest professors are Varsity graduates and if it's possible to respect them more for so being, that respect is willingly observed."

The Adjutant is very fond of the R.C.A.F. and says that he would find it difficult to be associated with a finer type of young man than the boys in Air Force blue. He considers them the cream of the Services and appreciates the concentrated studying they are doing—"truly 'Per Adua ad Astra'."

Thus our two officers; and now that you know them, we're sure they will be as popular with you as they are with us.

Let us consider the case of AC2. Ayer Mann, He's a harmless chap by nature—new here at McGill, for that matter he's pretty new in the Air Force. He can still remember that day when first he entered Uni-

(Continued on Page Four.)

Army Life At Fort Knocks

By Powerhouse O'Reilley

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought—but had to go anyway. I was called in "Class A." The next time I want to be in "Class B." Be here when they go and be here when they come back. I remember when I registered. I went to a desk and the man in charge was my milkman. He said, "What's your name?" I said, "You know my name." "What's your name?" he barked, so I told him—"August Childs." He said, "Are you an alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine." He asked how old I was so I told him 23 the first of July. He said, "The first of September you will be in France and that will be the last of August."

A veterinary started to examine me. He asked me if I ever had the measles, smallpox, St. Vitus dance, and did I ever take fits. I said, "No, only when I stayed in a saloon too long." Then he said, "Can you see all right?" I said, "Sure, but I'll be cockeyed tonight if I pass." The doctor said he examined 140,000 men and that I was the most perfect physical wreck he had ever seen.

The day I went to camp, I guess they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card—"Flying Corpse." I went a little further and some fellow said, "Look what the wind's blowing in." I said, "Wind, hell—the draft's doing it." On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as you're in it you think you can fight anybody. They have two sizes, too small and too large. The pants are so tight I can't sit down; the shoes are so big I ran around three times and they didn't move. And what a raincoat they gave me! I strain the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff, he said, "Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?" I said, "Sure, but what are you kicking about, look what they gave me!"

I landed in camp with $.85. In ten minutes I was broke. I never saw so many 3's and 12's on a pair of dice. No matter what I did, I went broke. Something went wrong, even in cards. One time I got 5 aces and I was afraid to bet. A good thing I didn't—the fellow next to me had 6 kings. Finally I said, "This is a crooked poker game." The fellow next to me said "We're playing pinochle." Everything was crazy. If you were a watchman you were made an officer of the day. If you were a livery hand you were put in the medical department. I saw a guy with a wooden leg and asked him what he was doing in the army. He said, "I'm going to mash potatoes."

Ot, it was nice—five below one morning they called us out for an underwear inspection—talk about scenery—red flannels, B.V.D.'s—all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. "I am up, Sir, the underwear just makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad he had me out digging a ditch. A little later he passed me and said, "Don't throw any dirt up here." I said, "Where am I going to put it?" He said, "Dig another hole and put it there."

By this time I was pretty mad so another guy named Jones and myself drank a quart of whiskey. Finally Jones acted so funny I ran down to the doctor and told him we drank a quart of whiskey. So he asked me if Jones saw pink elephants. "I said, "No, that's the trouble, they're there, and he can't see them!"

(Continued on Page Four)

Talented AC2 Aids Victory Loan Drive

Dick Gallagher Displays Rare Ability

AC2. Gallagher has contributed in no small measure to our Victory Loan campaign as evidenced by those highly stimulating posters exhibited next to the soaring thermometers. Such displays are guaranteed to increase the temperature and cause the mercury to rise. Our thermometers however, cannot be broken by an excessive rise in temperature. So let's go!

Dick has had considerable experience in the art field and also we are told with artists models. The painting of action war posters is, in fact, a departure from his normal trend—witness the excellent diagram of ammeters and shunts in recent test papers. "Dick's test papers are now exhibited in the Montreal Art Gallery."

The boys from the McGill detachment are exceedingly grateful to our artist for such a fine display of talent. Such qualities should not remain hidden.

Thanks again, Dick.

AC2. George Ayers.

Around the Campus

Today: Nominations for the class offices of all years Arts and Science must be handed in to Miss Heasley before noon. Each nomination must be signed by ten members of the same year as the nominee. . . . The Harvesters' Ball will rock the Union Ballroom tonight from 9.00 p.m. to 1.00 a.m. . . . Tickets to hear Eugene Ormandy at the Forum at 8.30 p.m. may be obtained at the Tuck Shop for 50 cents. Students will be assigned seats upon arrival at the Forum, since better accommodation is being provided than was formerly arranged.

✥ ✥ ✥

Tomorrow: Newman Club Program: Communion Breakfast; and discussion of activities in the morning; a luncheon at noon in the Queen's Hotel; a dance in the evening in the Union Ballroom. . . . Dr. Long will be guest speaker at the Med Banquet at 7.30 p.m. in the Mount Royal Hotel. . . . Third I.V.C.F. Fireside will be held in the Student House at 8.00 in the evening.

✥ ✥ ✥

Sunday: Macc Circle gathers in the Union Reading Room at 2.15.

Monday: The War Council will organize this afternoon at 5.00. . . . Creditors of the Book Exchange will be paid off today and tomorrow. . . . Avukah will hold its first supper meeting this afternoon at 5.30.

✥ ✥ ✥

Coming: International Students' Day Meeting at Moyse Hall; November 17.

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THE OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN CANADA

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"Thank You, Old McGill"

With the kind permission of our Commanding Officer, Flt.-Lt. G. S. B. Fuller, and the co-operation and graciousness of Mr. Raymond Ayoub and the "McGill Daily" it has been our pleasure and privilege to take over one issue of the Daily to express our news and views and to say hail and farewell to our departing Senior class.

To those of us who have a trickle of printers' ink in our blood this has been an especial privilege. For this and all the many courtesies extended to the R.C.A.F. radio-location classes at McGill we say, "Thank you, Old McGill".

University in Wartime

It may seem strange that the "Airforce Daily" should include an editorial on this subject. Perhaps our presumptuousness may be excused by the fact that a large number of men of the McGill Detachment have attended University in civilian life, and during the time we have been stationed here we have had some opportunity to see from the outside a University operating under wartime conditions.

While the foremost task facing a nation at war is the successful prosecution of the war, we have been fortunate that the question of post-war planning has not been entirely overlooked. From time to time, complaints have been made that while much has been said in very general terms, nothing specific has actually been done to deal with the problem. The fact is, of course, that no one knows just what problems the world will have to face when this war is over.

But we can be sure that no matter what problems we will have to face, we will need men capable of dealing intelligently with whatever conditions they may find confronting them; and the agency at our disposal for the training of such men is the University. Mere attendance at lectures will not make a man a clear-thinking leader, but today neither the University nor the nation can afford to put up with the lad who comes to college for any reason other than to prepare himself to be of service to his country. And this means more than military training only.

By drilling so many hours per week, a man does not entirely fulfill his obligation to his country. He is not attending University to learn to stand at attention, or to right-about-turn. That is incidental to the larger purpose implied in his status as a student. And just as the skilled craftsman in a defence industry is as important a cog in our war machine as the soldier, our leaders have realized the necessity of putting into the "essential" class, those who are preparing themselves for service after the war.

But it is up to those who are within that class to see to it that they are worthy of the obligation they have undertaken—for it is a responsibility rather than an exemption which has been given them. The time is past, perhaps never to return, when college was a place to spend four pleasant years. The world needs, now as never before, men and women who have been trained to think and to lead, and who will be able to undertake the task of adjustment which will be so necessary when this country comes to take its place among the nations of a world at peace.

Moon-Thoughts

Through the window I see the moon,
Full and fair.
I lift the sash and put my head
In the cool night air.

Still is the city. A few lights gleam.
The stars are aloof.
The snow and the moon make magic
On spire and roof.

Deep are the thoughts that tug at
The heart of me.
Sweet, ah sweet, are the dreams, the dreams
That cannot be.

—AC. 2 Mackenzie Grant (R-183641.

"Talk of the Town" At Loew's Theatre

Reviewed By A.C. Alfred Gold

For the "Talk of the Town" three fine actors get together in the persons of Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman and Cary Grant. The plot it built around the doings of a youthful agitator (Cary Grant) and a celebrated law professor (Ronald Colman) who has entirely opposite views as to the most democratic application of the law. Cary is a fugitive from a jail break, trying to prove he is innocent of a cooked-up charge. Ronald, seeking a quiet spot for the summer to write a book, unsuspectingly hires Grant as a gardener. A Senator friend of the professor informs him that his name is up for the Superior Court and advises him against any adverse publicity. The ensuing action is taken up with the posing gardener, trying, with the aid of Jean Arthur, to dodge the police net and at the same time to sway the professor from his impersonal view of the law, and so gain his help.

Pervading the whole action is a light vein which makes it difficult to absorb some of the more dramatic of the scenes such as the lynching scene. At times Cary fails to be convincing as a fugitive hounded for his life by a maliciously incited throng. A little feminine hysteria would not, I think, have been out of place at times, especially as it could have been the superb job of which Jean Arthur is capable.

But on the whole the picture achieves the end to which all movies should devote themselves in these trying days—relaxing entertainment. No one could fail to imagine Cary Grant knee-deep in some kind of trouble or Jean Arthur's final kiss, which tells Cary that he is the man she really loves.

Ronald Colman certainly has his place in the picture. His mature acting tended to bring the mood back to the more serious balance that is necessary to bring out the main point of the picture—that through the democratic squabbles of the people there is a happy and correct answer. When he asks J.A. whether he looks like a man of forty, she answers naively, "Yes." To be truthful, although it brought a laugh, it might have been just as well to have omitted it, unless one belongs to the school that believes Ronald Colman will never outgrow his attraction on the screen. But it did remind a lot of us that Ronald Colman is really getting on.

Behind the Mike

By AC2 Dick Gallagher

"Switch it on!" . . . "Up volume—just a bit!" "Select your favourite station, 550—780—1250; whatever the frequency there's entertainment for you at a twist of the wrist!"

Someone once defined this thing called "radio" as a "means of communication." In itself this is somewhat of an abstract definition; it does not include the education, sheer pleasure, and the relaxation capable of coming from that complexity of wiring. Further, that definition implies nothing of what goes on behind the scenes of radio.

From this, one might gather that the writer is about to view the situation from the drab viewpoint of a "Radio Mech."; but please don't jump to conclusions; keep on reading, for we're going to try and enlighten you on the scene behind one of Canada's eighty-odd radio stations. Not the big fifty kilowatt jobs in cosmopolitan cities, but the one thousand watt station so familiar to hose of us who remember our home town.

At first there has to be a sponsor;—you know, one of those companies who pays a pretty penny for a couple of minutes on the air during which the fellow you went with to high school tells all the "pros" about the pet product. The sponsor gets in touch with an advertising agency, who in turn maps out a project and consults the station representative. After a conference and such, the contracts are finally signed, and Mr. Sponsor becomes impatiently anxious, waiting for the letters to roll in.

But the letters don't come in quite that easy. The station manager arranges time and bookings with the program director. This oftentimes career woman can juggle hours, minutes and seconds around with more ease and agility than we radio mechs. get assigned from lecture room to lecture room. As soon as the day and the time is "official," then the "boss" goes into conference with the staff. The staff, in this case, usually consists of the announcer scheduled to the job, the music librarian, the copy writer, and some other supernumerary who's just full of dandy ideas at every other time but this.

The staff consumes "cokes" by the dozen; at the same time tries to suggest ideas that "click." When such an idea does come along: the boys go to work.

The copy writer has a job on his hands, his commercials are noticeably influenced by wartime buying restrictions; too, his material has to present his sponsor as a leading producer of a needed and worthy product. His wording has to be sensible, most of all entertaining, and too, contain an essence of hidden attraction. His job is to sell a name, a service, or a product by words. . . . so every letter must count!

The music librarian has about twenty thousand selections of recorded music at his fingertips. His occupation calls upon his sense of the aesthetic for a concert program, his knowledge of ballad songs, tunes and the musical comedy stage for a program everyone will enjoy, his "jive" for the "rug-cutters," his religion for familiar devotional periods, as well as his "folk-music" for the 'old-timers.'

This living musical dictionary should (and usually manages to) produce a perfect theme for a program in a matter of minutes. You get the idea: 'Love Theme" from music to "Romeo and Juliet" by one Pete Tchaikowsky, for one of those sentimental interludes featuring some such current matinee idol as Nelson Eddy. Of course, a swing session calls for a noisy platter by Powell, Pastor, or James; while someone like Dick Lievert is always at the console standing by ready to inspire majestic classic preludes to words of devotion.

Now the librarian and the copy man get together, the "hair is literally let down"—and the result is Mr. Sponsor's projected program. Our dear friends the women come now into the picture: the stenographers have to type out the program at least two days ahead of time, make "title-copies" of all music and publishers for the performing rights syndicates, and in general, have everything in order. A copy for the announcer, one for the engineer on duty, one for the sopnsor, and one for the station files.

The studio clock is now twenty-five seconds before the "hour" . . .(a brief pause) . . . and there goes the station call! There's the theme "right on the nose!" This introductory music is faded into the background as the deep rich voice of the announcer commences the show. No doubt if you have a radio, you've heard the rest.

If the show is a "hit" the mail comes in, and much of it at that. The people are pleased as well as the sponsor; and who knows but what the contract stands a good chance of renewal.

But that's not all. Don't let us forget the news editor, the quiet little man who handles a teletype receiver day and night drastically wielding a censor's scissors, or picking items of interest that go to making an entertaining and informative newscast: These fellows just love to hear fifteen bells ring out from their clattering machine: F-L-A-S-H!—and then inter-upt the current program with a familiar phrase. These days they seem to get their pet wish quite often.

On the roster we also find the engineers—yes, they're like McGill's famed engineers—we know them by their baton of office: a slide-rule. They're really quite harmless though, with all their slide-rules, pliers, meters, dials, and ohm tables, they manage to keep the old transmitters perculating, even if they have to give them a kick to get them going in the mornings. Too, they're handy fellows to have around: they can answer two phones, run a program, eat lunch, and clean a few dial connections with "carbon tet." all on the same occasion, and still have time left to make faces at the announcer through three layers of fine plate glass.

Special events, civic undertakings, and church services call for extra work and additional equipment. They are bottlenecks in our otherwise serene existence in front of the mike. One hitch here—just in passing: the station devotes say an hour to such an event; the speaker is quite capable of stretching his speech; but as yet no man has been capable of stretching that hour.

Local talent is always quite temperamental: too little time; not enough remuneration from our treasury department; or should they show up on time, there's always someone missing. The basso-profundo's mother-in-law has just passed away; or the second violinist has rheumatism in his wrist: it never fails to happen.

So the next time the home town announcer drawls something about a "White Christmas" and you hear the snappy strains of "Praise The Lord"—don't blame him too much—recordings often break at the wrong time.

You ask me how I know all this, well, before Tojo played rat at Pearl Harbour, I earned a living in such a 1000 watt Canadian station; and I'm looking forward to the time after this "mess" is over, and victory is ours, to be back in front of Mike!

Barrack-Room Ballad

It was one of those October days,
the boys in blue just love,
The sky was pouring cats and dogs
from great heights far above,
No sports parade this afternoon, the
Flight said work indoors,
In the common-room, our ensign
out before.

Stan Nichols has a radio, we'd lie
down, hear the news,
But grunt or groan, or even squeal,
the darn thing did refuse.
However, we're all Radio Mechs, we
know it to the core,
In the common-room, our ensign
out before.

Frank Royes took the tubes all out
in search of trouble there,
"There's no more amplification,"
said New Brunswick's son and
heir.
"Or else the u is gone to heck,"
Doug Slater then deplored,
In the common-room, our ensign
out before.

"That sounds just like Cape Breton,"
O'Leary Curley said,
"In P.E.I. thely'd know right off,
the oscillations dead."
"Take out the grid," Dick Sard
cried, "There's grid leak on the
floor,"
In the common-room, our ensign
out before.

Sam Segal thought the set was
starved; "You know it is-shunt-
fed,
Perhaps it is the A.V.G. or else the
voltage led."
Nick Robertson knew the R.F. choke
had strangled off the war,
In the common-room, our ensign
out before.

"The suppressor has suppressed the
news," this from John McEwan,
Walt Thackuk, the Alberta boy,
knew the tank had overflown,
While I; I said the trouble was,
condenser pressure bore,
In the common-room, our ensign
our before.

We took the speaker from the set,
unsoldered each new lead,
With might and main, transformer
tore, the rheostat we freed,
Perhaps it was inductance, our
hopeful hearts did soar,
In the common-room, our ensign
out before.

At length, when all about the place,
we'd sealed the radio's doom,
The sweeper passing, looked upon
the scene within our room,
"It might work better when plug-
ged in," he told us through the
door,
Of the common room, our ensign
out before.

(Continued on Page Four.)

POEMS

To a Boon Companion

By AC2 Grant MacKenzie
(A.M.R.)

"My loved, my honored, and much
respected friend,
No mercenary bard thee homage
pays."
—R. Burns.

Know this, my friend, I miss you;
Your steady stride for stride,
Your wit, your deep sincerity,
Your laughter at my side.

Know this, my friend, I miss you;
I miss the golden hours,
When great lines lingered on our
lips
And learning's Cup was ours.

Oh may we be together!
And if the gods repel,
We'll call Old Charon through the
gloom
And beat at the gates of hell.

AC2 MacKenzie Grant,
R183641.

An Answer to In Flanders Fields

(July 1939)

We won't break faith when comes
our turn
To go; for such sweet death we
yearn.
Sweet would it be if we could die
To save your country. Dead you
lie,
But not in vain: the home-fires
burn.

What race of men would dare to
spurn
Such sacrifice? For death's great
win
Was never swelled with blood so
high. . . .
We won't break faith!

Sleep peacefully! Soon may you
learn
The torch was caught. You can't
return,
But dawn and sunset warm the
sky,
And poppies grow and larks still
fly;
So, if peace fails, this be our cry:
"We won't break faith!"

AC2 MacKenzie Grant,
R183641.

A Warning to the Girls

Beware of the boys in Air Force
Blue,
Yes, and beware of those in Khaki
too.
They'll tell you they love you
It won't mean a thing;
They never follow it up with a ring.

They'll call you up and ask you
to go
To a thrilling dance or maybe a
show.
But when the time comes, it is sad
to relate,
They phone up again and cancel the
date.

They'll tell you that Duty always
comes first,
And to keep them tied down.
Duty Flight is the worst.
But don't let them kid you, it's only
a stall.
They don't have to go on Duty
Flight at all.

As a matter of fact, they are out on
a bender,
With some pretty thing of the
opposite Gender.
They have forgotten you—for the
moment it seems.
You are no longer the girl of their
dreams.

Or maybe they'll take you to some
swell affair,
Tell you that you're grand, admire
your hair.
But just as you're thinking, "Home
was never like this,"
They have to inspect the Guard, and
leave with a kiss.

They'll tell you their C.O. is the
meanest of men.
He has told them they have to re-
port back at ten.
But it's the same old line—they
dont want to be late.
For Duty Flight???? No. Some
other date.

You can't trust the men, girls; they
are all the same.
I'm telling you—"Casanova" was
tame.
They call up and say, "Do you love
me? ?"—and you
Just have to say "Yes"—As for
them,
They know damn well you do.

"The Ecme Club."

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

Wonderful!

Most Canadians prefer Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate for its delicious Flavor and wonderful Food Value.

The Best Chocolate Made

Neilson's

Rosy Future
for
H.R.'s Pastel Wools

Something new . . . pastel wool date dresses . . . chosen for warmth as well as good looks! Pretty, pretty shades . . . appealing for tea-time, dance-time . . . and welcome as mistletoe come the Holiday season.

Sketched . . . fine wool in blue, pink or maize . . . cut to compliment young figures . . . dirndl fullness . . . inset belt . . . trapunto motifs on the snug bodice . . .

16.95

Other styles in blue, cherry, aqua, gold, green . . . starting at 13.95.

Sizes 11 to 17

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Khaki Wool Whipcord $50.00
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Terms to suit officer's convenience.

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1010 St. Catherine St. W. LA. 1524

General Meeting of Representatives of All Clubs and Societies on The Campus to Organize for, and Discuss the Activities of the

Students' War Council

Will Be Held in

McGILL UNION

on

Monday, November 9th, 1942

at

5.00 P.M.

All Clubs and Societies are urgently requested to have their representatives elected and present at the meeting as notified in the Secretary's letter of October 1st, 1942.

BID YOUR GRAND SLAMS

AT THE

UNION GRILL

— A Good Place
— To Shuffle the Pasteboards
— And Eat A Snack

MILK BAR — LUNCHES — CAFETERIA MEAL SERVICE

(Cath) Ode

To a Radio Mechanic

The condensers dense, the meters meet, and the coils they coil away;
The current leads, the coltage lags upon the cathode ray.
It is a maze of Greek and such, we don't know where we're at—
But we will win this bloody war in 2 pyefL flat.

Chorus—

wL and wC—delta Va and delta Vg
wL and wC
You get the maximum skin effect at resonant frequency.

The pentodes pent, the triodes try, and the diodes die away;
Oscillations come and go, but mhos are here to stay.
We meet our subjects phase to phase, and multiply by mu—
We magnetize and modulate—and you can do it too.

Chorus—

Our names they do not matter for we're only numbers now;
We come from every walk of life from mansion to the plow;
We plot the hysteresis on the characteristic curves,
But rectifiers aggravate our bleeding shattered nerves.

Airmen Entered In Interfaculty Cage League

The initial practice of the McGill Contingent, R.C.A.F., basketball team at Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Gymnasium saw Manager, Corporal Holden trot out a squad of fourteen men for player-coach AC2 Waxman.

Coach Waxman was quite favorably impressed with the showing of the lads, and as the season progresses the Air Force colors will fly high in the domain of the McGill Inter-faculty cage league.

Waxman will be the back-bone of the team. His work in the Dominion final play-downs last spring is well known to all followers of the hoop sport. The balance of the team has not made the headlines as often as the coach, but the spirit shown in the first practice showed that they are going to be hard to trim in any of the games arranged.

Corporal Holden expects to be able to arrange Inter-service games with the other teams in the city, and would like to see as many of the lads as possible turn out for the practice at 6.45 p.m. tonight at the Gymnasium.

Parson Brown, finding it necessary to dine down town one day, dropped in to a restaurant in which he had never eaten before. He ordered a steak, rarely done. The waiter, stepping back to the counter, shouted "One bloody steak." Parson Brown reprimanded him sharply, "That's no way to talk, young man. You ought to be ashamed of such language!"

"I'm very sorry sir," replied the waiter, "but that is just a form of slang we use here as a short-cut in giving our orders."

The Minister realized that he had been a little hasty and said that he was sorry. The next time he was in the same restaurant, he was approached by a different waiter, this time an Irish chap.

"One bloody steak" ordered the Parson with a broad smile.

"Sure, yer Rivrince, and it's good to hear ye talking that way" replied Pat "and how would you like yer damned potatoes?"

At a manning depot the huts are all of one category. AC2 Gallagher, finding himself levelled out with the common herd, was perched at the top of a ladder driving nails into one of these huts. A Flight Sergeant was watching from below. Finally his curiosity got the better of him. "Hey lad! Why are you throwing every other nail over your head that way?

"Because half these darned nails have the heads on the wrong end" exclaimed Gallagher.

"Don't be an ass!" returned the Flight Sergeant, "Those are for the other side of the building."

Humor

Airforce and Other

A bald headed man has less hair to comb but more face to wash.

The trouble with today's generation is that there are not enough parents on spanking terms with their children.

Remember to be nice to people on the way up the ladder of success because sometimes you meet them on the way down.

Three cross-eyed men were brought before a cross-eyed judge.

The judge asked the first cross-eyed man "What's your name?"

The second cross-eyed man replied "John Jones." The cross-eyed judge looked at the second cross-eyed man and said "I wasn't speaking to you" and the third cross eyed man answered "Who in hell said you was."

Two inebriated chaps were staging a two-man party in one of the downtown Montreal hotels. About two o'clock in the morning one drunk called up a doctor and said "Come on down right away doc, my friend has gone crazy." The doctor replied "What's the matter, is he seeing snakes and pink elephants?" The drunk answered, "Thatsh jush the trouble, he doesn't and the room's full of 'em.'

The similarity between an old maid and a new tomato is that IT'S HARD TOMATER.

Remember whenever we are tempted to plunge into the whirlpool of matrimony that usually those who marry in haste, repent at leisure.

Did you hear about the little mouse who left home because he found out that his old man was a rat?

One of the airmen tells us very interesting stories about his home life. One story he related to us recently was about the time of a big drought. In fact, he stated it got so hot that one day he saw a dog chasing a cat down the street and they were both walking. He added also that it became so dry, he actually saw a tree chasing two dogs down the street.

In the Sportlight

All local Radio Mechanics should welcome the news that the McGill Contingent basketball team will not be merely another exhibition squad. Particularly the men trying for places on either the guard line or forward wall will receive with enthusiasm the news that the Ferrier Hall representatives have been entered in the McGill University Interfaculty Basketball League. While practices are definitely in the primary stage, Coach AC2 Joe Waxman is impressed with the calibre of players who have turned out and is confident his boys will be a match for their league opponents as well as the service teams with whom exhibition games are being arranged. Waxman, who is serving as playing coach, starred last season in the Dominion Championships with the Montreal Y.M.H.A., and it is expected that he will be the mainstay of the squad. The next practice is being held to-night at the Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Gymnasium at 6.45 and all airmen out to the previous practices and any interested recruits are asked to be on hand at that time.

With the hockey season rapidly getting under way followers of the winter pastime will once again be able to cheer their favorite pucksters. While both amateur and professional leagues have been hard hit by the Armed Forces, the newly formed National Defence Leagues will provide added interest to Canada's national sport throughout the country. Here in Montreal we have two of the better teams which represent the forces. Led by Dess Smith, defence star of the Boston Bruins, the Army pack plenty of punch as evidenced by their victory last week over Montreal Canadiens. The Number 5 Manning Depot, R.C.A.F., of Lachine (we remember only too well have meanwhile come up with a group of lads strong enough to hold the Bruins to a 6-4 victory in their only exhibition contest. Under the guidance of PO. Don Penniston they expect to give the army and Ottawa Commandos a hard battle for group honours. While both of these outfits are more or less "packed," they will provide the fast, slam-bang type of game that the fans love.

While the "boys in blue" on University Ave. have noticed the first signs of approaching winter during early morning parades in the back yard, they are still looking forward to the first old fashioned Montreal snowfall of the current season. We shiver and freeze while Flight-Sergeant Shaidle, with a fatherly interest, counsels us to wear our mittens but we are still eagerly waiting for ice and snow in order to try out our skating and skiing legs. These same legs by the way, although they would not be an addition to a Broadway chorus, should be in pretty fair condition after climbing to the fourth floor a dozen times a day. Seriously, however, with several rinks around the city and the famous Laurentians only a short distance facilities are excellent for winter sports, and several airmen have already been noticed returning from week-ends with their equipment in readiness for hoped-for activity.

"To My Brother"

By AC2. Jack Goldwater, R.C.A.F., McGill

So writes the moving pen at last
To record deeds just gone past.
To you at last with fond regards,
I send best wishes — here's my cards;
To show you how I climb the hill
At good old R.C.A.F. McGill.

The course is tough believe you me,
And boy—how I would like to see
The end draw nearer slow but sure,
So I could rid the Clinton lure.
And when I'm there I know I will
Prove what I knew is in me still.

But what I write must bore you so,
So I will tell you what I know.
The weather here has been just grand
The week-ends spent by Mary's hand.
And Wednesdays here have all been spent
On tennis courts to Airforce lent.

But as for studies I must say,
Interesting it is to play
With tubes and coils and lamps aglow
And radio as you must know.
My marks have kept above the grade
That I must have to say I'm made.

The officers and N.C.O.'s
Are just the men you'd like to know.
They treat you swell and swell I mean
And it just goes right to your bean.
My partner and my friends I feel,
Will pack me up and say it's real.

And so for past-times for the nites,
We do not spend our time at fites.
Ping pong there is and billiards too,
And snooker every night for you.
You do not have to sit out now,
But play you do no matter how.

And now at last I close this bow,
To writing letters to you now.
To Betty please do send my love
As she is now your loving dove.
And so to prose I now retire,
As I can tell you I must tire.

The hand grows weary as the nite grows old,
The moving pen has written, and all is told.
So farewell for now my brother dear,
I'll tell you more when you are near.
Time is short but I can say,
I hope that you'll return some day.

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A BRILLIANT REVUE
FEATURING
TALENTED STARS
AND
Renowned Beauties
LUNCHEON 50c
DINNER DE LUXE $1.50
NO COVER
1424 Peel St., MA. 8975

War Service Programme for Women

Week of Nov. 9-13.

All classes will meet as usual. It should be noted that evening classes meet at 8 o'clock on the hour, not at 8.05. All absentees must report at once to Mrs. Tyrrell. (Except those who obtain a medical certificate.)

A.R.P. The Monday A.R.P. classes will meet in the R.V.C. as usual, but if fine, will proceed out of doors for fire fighting drill. Students should wear old clothes and warm footwear. Slacks are permitted.

Notice. The following students must report or write immediately to Mrs. Tyrrell to inform her of the time and place of their War Service work. (Office hours 9-10, 2.30-3.30.)

Brodie, Jane.
Block, Shirley.
Creaghan, Ellen.
Defreites, Marcel.
Dawson, Nancy.
Dunn, Betty.
Freifeld, Marion.
Hlibchuk, Anna.
Kussner, Dorothy.
Neill, Lois.
Muir, Joyce.
Partridge, Gloria.
Renshaw, Clare.
O'Donnell, Patricia.
Risdon, Jill.
Rosenberg, Eudice.
Timmins, Lelia.
Walker, Jean.
Wright, Grace.

Also: Aitkin, Joan; Burton, Ruth; Gercenovitch, Toba; Stephens, Joan; Taylor Stoll, Dorothy.

JOYCE M. TYRRELL.
War Service Programme for Women.
Exec. Director,

Your Downtown RENDEZVOUS
Jean Pierre Downstairs
MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL

Lost

'Light, Heat, and Sound': Duncan and Starling, in vicinity of Redpath Library. Please return to Bill Gentleman or phone TA 1904.

Lost

Would the person who removed the parcel containing a genetics book from the ladies' cloakroom in the Chemistry Building kindly return it at once to the Janitor.

Found

A key pocket folder was found on the Union steps. Apply at the Tuck Shop.

And then there was the butcher who backed into the meat-slicer and got a little behind in his orders.

Let this be a lesson to You!

HOW will your new suit look a year from now? If it's Tip Top Tailored-to-measure it will still have its smart lines and shape. It will still be a suit you'll be proud to wear, on the campus or off!

Many things help make a good suit—fine fabrics, conscientious tailoring, correct fit and style. You get all these at Tip Top Tailors at a price that fits every college man's budget.

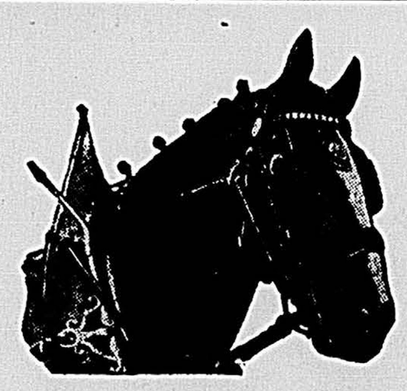
This season, let Tip Top again help you look your comfortable, correct self in clothes for college—tailored-to-your-measure.

$29.75 HUNDREDS OF FABRICS TO CHOOSE FROM
TAILORED-TO-MEASURE

892 St. Catherine St. W.
St. Denis — 310 St. Catherine St. E.

TIP TOP TAILORS Limited

THE ALE YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER DRANK



EAST or WEST
IT'S THE BEST
HARVESTERS' BALL
TONIGHT
9 P.M. —— at the —— UNION
Admission per couple: 50c + One War Savings Stamp

Barrack-Room Ballad

(Continued from Page Two)

And now we were confounded by
the wisdom of the gab,
He learned more sweeping floors
than we had in the lab,
But we only tell the Juniors of our
radio brain-store,
In the common-room, our ensign
out before.

AC2 Lauchlin MacInnes.

Army Life at Fort Knocks

(Continued from Page One.)

Three days later we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more luck. I had a Sarge who stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up on the pier and the Captain came by and said, "Fall in." I said, "I have been in, Sir."

I was on the boat 12 days—seasick for 12 days, nothing going down and everything coming up. Leaned over the rail all the time. In the middle of my best lean, the Captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up." Talk about your dumb people! I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor," and he replied, "I knew they'd lose it. It's been hanging out ever since we left New York."

We had a lifeboat drill; when the boat was being lowered over the side of the ship, it spilled some of the men out into the water; only the second lieutenant and myself were left in the boat. The lieutenant gave me the orders to pull the men out of the water by the hair, and I was struggling with them, when one fellow with a bald head yelled, "Pull me out," I said, "Go down and come up the right way."

Well, we landed in France, and we were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches, the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking with Patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree but there weren't enough trees for the officers. The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top." I said, "Captain, I'd like to have a furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to see it."

Five o'clock we went over the top. 10,000 Austrians came at us. The way they looked at me, you'd think I was the one who started the war. Our Captain yelled, "Fire at will" I didn't know any of their names. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was will, because he fired his gun and shot me in the excitement.

On my way to the hospital I asked a fellow where they were taking me. He said, "You're going to the Morgue." I said, "There's some mistake, I'm not dead." He said, "Lay down, do you want to make a fool out of the doctor?" Finally a pretty nurse came in and said—What am I saying! That was another story——

No. 2 Squadron Reminisces

(Continued from Page One.)

wrong, pronounce it worse, cut your hair even more horribly, innoculate you, outfit you, "Look to your front, you're at attention," call the roll.

Wing two—you're a big shot, drill, drill, call the roll, drill, route march, drill, crawl through the fence, drill, flight will advance flight will retire, by the right, by the left, to the front salute, eyes right, eyes left, call the roll. Kitchen fatigue, duty flight, barrack warden, attend C, call the roll, P.T.

Then Wing three.—road gang, duty flight, rumours, Toronto, Sackville, McGill, Calgary, posted, kit inspection, call the roll, more rumours, from the horse's mouth, call the roll.

At Toronto it was the same thing, drill, shows, Jimmie Lunceford and his negro band, Jean Dickenson, Francie White, other soloists who were appearing as guest artists with the Toronto Symphony at the Promenade Concerts, all came to the Station. Discipline — drill — Sqdn.-Ldr. Mason, who wrote the book. Posted—train, Montreal, McGill.

Since then we've dipped into the pot of science, and we've come up clutching a few straws. Now that we'll soon be Seniors, we're veterans in the Service—we've been in the Air Force for four months, some of us; well, almost four months. And if we get a turkey dinner every week like the one we got last Wednesday, we'll be satisfied to stay here forever.

The Airforce Looks at McGill

(Continued from Page One.)

casional co-ed glances up at us disinterestedly, and we carry on in your midst well-night unnoticed.

We haven't even heard one rumor of even one romance between even one airman and even one co-ed, which is going pretty far.

So you see that aside from the dance, the inconvenience to lecture rooms and the general speckling of blue on the Campus, we of the Air Force have made little apparent impression on your University traditions.

How have we fared?

We're afraid we must admit that we've changed. Our language as well as our dress. More meticulous. Our minds a little more open than before. But we still get up at 6:30 and still have discipline. You can affect us so much but then comes the disciplinarian.

Staff n' Stuff

(Continued from Page One.)

ted Theological College. A bright and cheery face greeted him and a kind, and gentle voice pleaded "Get your hands out of your pockets!" That was Flight Sergeant Shaidle. Then the business of allocating rooms—Suddenly a voice demanded "Well what are you waiting for?" Peering over the edge of the desk Ayer discovered diminutive LAC. Jefferies, sitting on the edge of a chair resting his chin on the drawer handle. Ayer calculated almost immediately that "Jeff" must have been on furlough when they were passing out size. "Get your hands out of your pockets" said Flight. "Old stuff" thought Ayer, taking his hands from their natural resting place. Deep in the throes of thought Ayer found Sargent Robitaille. Not wishing to be impolite Ayer spoke. "How do you do Sargent?" he said in his best Emily Post. "Deep" muttered the Sargent. "Huh" queried Ayer. "Deep and black" the Sargent iterated. "No thanks I have one" said Ayer. He turned quickly and walked the other way. "Must be busy" he surmised. As he walked by the door he ventured a sideways glance. That was a mistake. Immediately a barrage of questions hit him. "Where's your tag?" "What's your bunk number?" "Are you coming in or going out?" Those were LAC's Macaber, Bernard, Wallace and Miller, guardians of the main entrance (exit if you happen to be going out). "They always ask those questions" said Champagne. "Oh!" said our hero. "What do you do?" "I'm in the Equipment Section" he answered. "I give out the sheets on Monday." "Good sheets?" "Let's don't get nosy bub!"

After getting mildly settled in his new lodgings Ayer decided to go down and get drops in a rather badly plugged nose. (Cold, you know). In the medical inspection room he was greeted by Sargent Bird. "Wha' can I do for ye laddie?" said Sargent. "I'd like some attention on my nose Sargent" answered Ayer. "Weel I dinna ken if I can gi' ye attention, but I'll put a wee droppin in thy snoot if ye'll hold still a mite." "Scotch double-talk" thought Ayer. And so it was that Ayer Mann first got ephedrino splashed all over his brain, the hard way. On the way back he noted a door marked Professor Clifford. "I wonder if he's home" thought Ayer. Receiving a hearty "Come in" in answer to his knock Ayer found himself confronted by a very healthy looking soul. He attacked: "Professor Clifford?"

"No. I'm LAC. Wallace, McGill's ace truck driver."

"Very pleased to meet you, I'm sure."

"Have a cigarette" offered Wallace.

"No thanks, I've got one."

"Have you got two?"

Oh well, Ayer was smoking too much anyway so he left Wallace the package and retired. In the hallway he was accosted by Corporal Smiley.

"Anytime you need any money just come to me Mann. I'll look after you."

"Thank you very much" said Ayer, "but where do you get it?"

The Corporal smiled slyly — "I work in the pay office. They give me everything that's left over on payday." With that remark he carelessly handed him a ten dollar bill, muttered "Keep the change" and walked away." "I like him" thought Ayer.

Suddenly Ayer remembered that he needed another pair of boots so he rushed down to make arrangements for same. Knowing that Corporals are always the nearest thing to a mother, he decided to bring his troubles to Corporal Holden. He found that minute two-striper buried beneath a pile of baseball, football, basketball and hockey schedules. "Corporal Holden" Ayer ventured—a rustle of paper and a head popped into view. "Corporal Holden who do I see for a new pair of boots." The Corporal indicated a big man in the corner. "Sargent Morrison will look after you" he said, burying himself over again in the world of sport. "What size do you take young man?" asked Sgt. Morrison. "Size 12½ AAA" said Ayer. Sargent Morrison fainted.

But despite all these first day adventures Ayer Mann gets along 100% with all the NCO's and Staff now. Now he breezes along the hall and says "Hi Flight!" To which Flight replies: "Get your hands out of your pockets!"

AC's BENSON and ROBERTSON.

Course Comments

Impressions of a Radio Mech.

Barney Ower:

"This is a fine course and we learn a lot. But we should get a higher rank on completion. The evidence I have seen shows that we must learn more than any other ground crew course. And to take this course requires a high standard of education. We should be made technical N.C.O.'s as is done in the American Army."

R. M. McFee:

"The course is fine, as hard as nails, and we're twice as rusty. Lucky we get good meals to keep up our morale. More 8.25 parades would be appreciated."

Charles Robertson:

"Quote." "Unquote."

Bill Ellis:

"A very good course and I think it will be mighty useful after the war."

Norm Ellison:

"Enjoying the life immensely. Especially after 5.00 p.m. Frankly I would like to be back in Toronto."

Bill Walters:

"Hasn't been too tough so far but I am keeping my fingers crossed."

Notices

B.W.I. Society

Members of the B.W.I. Society are reminded that the Society will meet on Monday next, Nov. 9th., in the Grill Room of the McGill Union at 8.30 p.m. All members are earnestly requested to present themselves on this occasion, as the society hopes to present an interesting and varied program this term.

Any student of the University who is interested in the problems of the British West Indies, is invited to attend.

Notice

Will the individual who is in possession of a slide rule originally belonging to Temple return it by telephoning DE 0336. A reward will be given.

Found

An Arts' '27 14-Kt. gold pin. Phone LA 6421.

Lost

A K. & E. Slide Rule in an orange case. The name Temple with a Winnipeg address on cover flap. Finder or anyone knowing its whereabouts should phone DE 0336.

Lost

One brand new Zoology dissecting set in black case. Scalpel, 2 prs. scissors, 2 prs. forceps, probe, needles, blades. Please leave at Union Tuck Shop.

Lost

A black and silver Waterman's fountain pen; lost in the Arts Building, most likely in the Girls' Common Room. Will the finder please leave it at Bill Gentleman's office, or communicate with Frances Goldberg, P. Comm. AT. 3030.

Lost

One black fountain pen with two gold bands on top. Please call AT 0746.

Lost

One gold chain with small rectangular gold locket somewhere in or around the Union. Locket contains pictures of two girls. Finder please call MA 5514.

Found

Set of keys. Phone M. L. Barager, MA 7845.

Wanted to Buy

ONE COLLEGE PHYSICS (MENDENHALL, EVE, AND KEYS.) Anyone interested, Call CA 3212.

Lost

One brown Waterman's fountain-pen in Union or Biological Building, Tuesday. Finder please call AT. 3397, Winnifred Storey.

Lost

Tuesday morning in R.V.C., a decent pair of black gloves. Finder please leave at Porter's office, or with Bill Gentleman.

Lost

A red Parker fountain pen was lost in Redpath Library on Saturday afternoon about 4.00. Will finder please telephone LA 8318 and if L. Stutezky is not around leave a message about the whereabouts of the fountain pen. Thank you.

Lost: Wrist Watch.

A ladies wrist watch has been lost somewhere on the campus or vicinity. It is small, and attractive and has a leather strap attached by one brace only. The other brace is broken. The finder is entreated to leave it at the Union Tuck Shop.

Attention Artsmen!

Nominations are called for the posts of President, Vice-President, and Secretary-Treasurer of each year of Arts and Science. Each nomination must be signed by ten students of the nominee's year, and be handed in to Miss Heasley at the Union before noon today.

Wanted

Has anybody a second hand copy of:

Briggs and Bryan: Tutorial Algebra (advanced)

Godfrey & Siddon: Modern Geometry

Lamb: Calculus

Hodgman: Tables

to sell? Please phone DE 0022, after 8 p.m. and ask for Tagiuri, Room 311.

Notice

A black Waterman's fountain pen with a gold ring and clip. This pen was probably lost in the vicinity of R.V.C. Will the finder please deposit it at Bill Gentleman's office.

Lost

On Thursday morning in Chemistry Building a Quantative Lab. Text and Note Book. Will finder please phone Henry Korman at HA 5431, or leave it at the janitor's office in the Chem. Building.

Women's Science Club

All interested in a trip to the British-American Oil Refinery on Tuesday, Nov. 10 at 2.00 p.m. are asked to sign the list posted in the hall of the Chemistry Building not later than Monday at 2.00 p.m. There will be a fee of 25 cents.

THE ONCE OVER

The Drill Sergeant Speaks

I

You think you've a tough job
In Iceland or Nome;
I'll swap you the one that
They've slipped me at home:
I'm drilling the women
The best that I can,
But can't yell the things that
I'd yell at a man!

II

"Eyes right, ya gorilla!"
I once used to shout,
But that and "Hey, fathead!"
Are both strictly out;
Of jobs in the service
The hardest is mine—
I've got to discard all
My old army line.

III

Did privates toe in? I
Could yell, "Lissen, stupe!
You do that again you'll
Get socked for a loop!"
"Chins up, ya baboons!" was
My cry through the day,
But drilling the dames, well
It ain't the same way!

IV

"Eyes right! Are ye cockeyed?"
I'd yell in loud tones,
But now it's "Please try once
Again, Miss J. Jones!"
"Hey, throw out your chest! Stow
That barroom effect!"
Are into the discard; they
Ain't quite correct!

—The Gateway.

Jane: "Of course, I wouldn't say anything about her unless it was good, and oh boy! is this good."

—The Reflex.

The greatest undeveloped territory in the world lies just under a blue-and-gold freshman cap.

—Daily Athenaeum.

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ELECTIONS

Friday, November 13

School of Commerce
for
Representative to the
Students' Executive Council

Only Students in the School of Commerce will vote in this election

Elections will be conducted by the Executive of the School of Commerce

SANTA CLAUS REHEARSAL

Women students will rehearse at 10 a.m. Saturday in R.V.C. Upper Gym. Gym shoes **must** be worn.